

Meanderings

by Entropy

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Summary: Scully muses on love, life, loss and our fave sun-flower seed eating, alien chasing hero, Mulder

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Meanderings By Korine Z. - StarInna629@msn.com

Rated: PG Keywords: V/A/MSR UST Spoilers: None Summary: Scully's thoughts on loss, pain, life, love and of course Mulder. Author's Notes: So here it is my first fanfic. Please send feedback. All criticisms are welcome. How else am I gonna know if what I write sucks =) or If I should change my writing technique. E-mail me at StarInna629@msn.com Feedback is an author's only paycheck. So please give a tip Archives: Gossamer is ok. Any other archives please drop me a line if you want to archive my stories there. Disclaimer: Come on... If I owned the X-Files would I really be writing fanfic. But to make the point straight, I do not own anything associated with the X-Files. My fave show in the world belongs to Chris Carter and the FOX Network.

ENJOY!!!

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What is to lose? What is to hurt? These are a consecutive pairing of rhetorical questions, unanswerable by common expression. A clause limited to the far reaches of the human mind and within it the capability to express passion directed towards an object. Be it a house, person, pet or God. As is the clinical diagnosis profoundly stated by the ever- skeptical scientist known as Dr. Dana Katherine Scully, being I. A title as empty as the person that embodies it.

In my lifetime, my experiences have made me both a stronger person, but as a detrimental effect I also withdrew into the jail cell, I had built in my mind. Shoving my emotions in and throwing away the key.

Leaving me both physically and mentally exhausted, moreover, leaving an empty shell of my former self. So I let this overtake me, allowing it to permeate my being, without attempting to fight it.

Whoever said that when life gives you lemons, make lemonade was stuck in some fantasy realm where the cops always got the bad guy and no one ever died. If my life had taken a different course, a life without government cover ups, extraterrestrial diseases and your all too common brushes with death, would I have the capacity to exist in a peaceful state of mind? Would I have lost so much? More importantly, would have I ever had the chance to meet Fox Mulder, the contradiction of all I believed in and the only person whom I trust.

However, my choices have obviously been what they have been and to ponder the what - ifs is as useless as going back to sleep and wishing that when the sun came up to meet the sky, everything would be alright. I have tried, mind you. The only comprehension comes in the saying "If wishes were horses." I have lost a sister to the men who were after me. I am not able to bear children, a truth I have to live with for the remainder of my existence. Conclusively, Mulder has lost more than anyone can bear to handle.

Mulder. One word could evoke so many feelings in me. Trust. Pain. Fear. Sadness. And love. What is there to say of him? A doctor can only treat the physical pain of his patient. Certainly I have tended to his wounds and kept constant vigil over him at his bedside when he was wounded or dying. Nevertheless, there is nothing I can do to cure his mental ills. Like me, he keeps his emotions tightly locked behind a concrete wall. But even concrete can be broken. Ultimately both our barriers will break, as loathe, as I am to admit it. Eventually.

Mulder tells me I'm his one in five billion. And this is why I fear him. No man, no person has ever seen through me. Seen my soul as he has. For that I have no regrets for the decisions I have made in staying with him on the X-Files, fighting for the Truth that became ours from the moment I stepped into his office. And for that, I thank him. But, he leaves me exposed and vulnerable. When he looks at me with his troubled gaze, he not only peers into my heart, but my very existence and each time, he chips away at my mental barriers that protect me from loss, pain and love. Sometimes I wonder if it is not worth letting him in, not letting him love me. God knows I love him more than life itself. It is not time yet for us to be. He knows it as well as I do, that by staring a course on the uncharted waters of a relationship beyond friendship, will only jeopardize our lives as well as the lives of our families. When the time comes, I will eagerly devote myself completely and wholly. However, like I said, it is not the time and this is why I continue laboring in our musty, old basement office. Waiting for the right time. Waiting for our losses and pain to be replaced with happiness.

Maybe I have gained as much as I have lost. Maybe I haven't. Too many questions pop up in my mind based on these two fragments of thought. Too much has happened to me to dismiss any of it as trifle.

Right now I'm sitting in our office with Mulder sitting at his desk with his feet propped up on it. I already sense his boyish eagerness to get started on a new X-file. Somehow, sitting in the office today, with Mulder, studying case files is as all the peace I need.

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If you liked it, drop me a note. If you didn't give me a few tips on how I can ipmprove my work . StarInna629@msn.com

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file.